A Hunger Never Satisfied

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A Hunger Never Satisfied

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Summary

Will may have met his match in the equally iniquitous Dr. Lecter. The second of their unorthodox therapy sessions introduces new elements to what began as a single lustful encounter: jealousy, punishment, and a growing possessiveness for the boy.

Notes

This fic is a sequel to A Sick You Can't Fix.
Please heed the warning and tags before reading!

See the end of the work for more notes

Mrs. Graham hadn't expected her son to be returning to his psychiatrist's office again so soon. Will had assured her that Dr. Lecter wished to meet him at least twice a week, for '*intensive therapy*' – how he'd done so with a straight face was beyond his knowledge.

The days passed slowly, but Will had more than kept himself busy during the wait. There'd been no shortage of friends available ready to help him with his little '*problem*'. Every opportunity he had, Will was getting what he needed. Maybe they weren't able to satisfy him as thoroughly as Dr. Lecter had, but it was good enough to get him off. He almost regretted it, letting others inside him where Hannibal had been, sullying the memory of him – though nothing could make Will forget how good he had felt. How *perfect*.

His next scheduled appointment with Dr. Hannibal Lecter was in five minutes. Will's mother drops him off at Dr. Lecter's office, but not before glancing nervously at the hem of the boy's skirt. She frets over the length – or lack thereof – at the front; wrings her hands at the chiffon high-low, red and paisley-patterned. It rode up his thighs, high above the knee. Surprisingly, she was far more relaxed in regards to the crop top.

Will waves a hand in dismissal, thanking her for the ride before stepping gracefully out of the car, all long, pale legs, smooth and perfect. The heavy soles of his lace-up boots hit the pavement with a *thunk.* Mrs. Graham drives away, and Will enters the office building, lips curling into a knowing smirk.

He doesn't even get the chance to sit down in the waiting room when the handle of Dr. Lecter's office door begins to turn. Their gazes lock through the growing sliver of space, until Hannibal is politely holding the door open for his young patient. Will strides inside with confidence; tosses his shoulder bag onto an empty chair without a word of thanks. He doesn't sit down, nerves thrumming and synapses firing, blood rushing, mouth watering. Will wonders if he should mention he's thought of Hannibal every time he's been intimate since the first night he left the doctor's office. That so far he's been impossible to forget and now Will's in the habit of comparing every boring, lazy fuck to how things had been with *him*.

Hannibal closes the door and locks it, though Will is his last patient of the day and he doesn't expect anyone else to arrive. As he turns to look at Will, the doctor takes a moment to study the boy's face, his body language, his clothing. Will clearly enjoyed dressing provocatively, and the way the garments hug his skin is a guaranteed pitfall for the easily distracted. He looks stunning, and visibly wants Hannibal as much as Hannibal wants him.

Hannibal strides over to him without a word and pulls him closer, one hand on the small of his back, the other burying itself in his hair. Will wraps his arms around Hannibal's neck instinctively and Hannibal claims his mouth with a barely restrained hunger. He's eager to taste as Will's lips part, yielding, obedient, for his clever tongue. He had missed the boy more than he'd admit in the last three days, wishing he'd open the door just to find Will in the waiting room. Hoping that Will wouldn't be able to wait that long to see him again. He sucks on Will's tongue and then his bottom lip, biting it softly as they breathe heavily into each other. Yanking Will's head back, he mouths at his neck, careful to leave the skin there unscathed.

“Hello, Will,” he murmurs against the boy's throat, sliding his hand down from Will's back to the smoothness of his thigh. He pulls the skirt up to expose his soft skin even more, caressing it slowly, lips brushing against Will's jaw. Hannibal knows Will’s had sex with other people in the last three days – he can smell it on him. His jealousy makes him want to mark Will, claim him, bite his neck right then and there and leave a dark purple bruise that would take days to fade. Instead, he moves his hand up to Will's backside, ghosting across the imprint of his teeth he'd left during their last session – and discovering that Will isn't wearing anything underneath his skirt. He grabs the boy's flesh, squeezing tightly, nails digging into his skin.

“Glad we're skipping pretenses," Will pants, throat exposed as he arches into Hannibal's touch. He tries his best to keep some semblance of self-control. The boy laughs at the hungry mouth against his skin, the strong, wandering hands. "You're like an animal. Did you touch yourself thinking about this, Doctor? Get hard staring at the lounge chair you fucked me on...?"

Will tries to break out of Hannibal's hold and he allows it, just to see what he does next. The boy sinks slowly to his knees, mouthing the outline of Hannibal's hardening cock through his trousers. "I bet you stroked yourself remembering how I felt," Will purrs. "Fucked your fist imagining it was me." He teases Dr. Lecter a moment longer before rising back up to his feet, trailing his hands up along Hannibal's body as he went.

“Yes,” Hannibal answers breathlessly, his eyes fixed on the boy. He pulls Will closer again, wraps his arms around his waist tightly so he can’t pull away and leans in until his lips brush against the shell of Will’s ear. “I thought about how good you felt around me, so tight and warm,” he murmurs, smirking as the boy shifts, hips canting slightly to grind against him. “Your moans. Your smell.”

Pressing his nose to Will’s neck, he breathes him in. He can detect at least three distinct scents that aren't Will’s. They are faint, but it's the confirmation Hannibal needed: Will had slept with others. His ‘friends’. His arms tighten even more around the boy, possessively.

“You’ve been with other people,” Hannibal says. Not a question. “At least one boy each day. I can smell them on you.” Sweat. Come.

Well, fuck, Will thinks. Something tells him it's not a parlor trick – somehow, he *knew*. There was no hiding from Dr. Lecter, and it excites him.

Hannibal pulls back, looking at Will with fire in his eyes, wanting to punish the boy for letting anyone else touch him. “Did you think about me when they were inside you?” he asks, crowding him, impossibly close. “Did you wish they were as good as I was? That it was me there instead?”

Will shudders and moans, looks up at Hannibal coquettishly with his best bedroom eyes. "You could say that," he replies, batting his lashes. Will smiles at how good it feels to be pressed against Dr. Lecter again. He can feel him prodding insistently against his hip. "They were fun. You were more fun—but I can't say you've ruined me for everyone else yet."

Of course Will hopes it's only a matter of time. "Mm, but I did miss you. Missed *this*," he coos as he palms the bulge of Hannibal's cock. Will wonders if the velvety glide of

Hannibal's foreskin is just as delicious as he remembers. "You know… My *friends*—they think I'm prettier than all the boys and girls at school. That I'll never say no to them. Maybe I won't." He squeezes Hannibal gently, unafraid to poke the lion just enough to make him roar.

Will knows how to juggle his partners. How to keep them wrapped around his little finger. Dr. Lecter just happened to be a lot smarter – and more experienced – than they were.

"You better ruin me quick," Will taunts. His gaze matches the intensity of Hannibal's, bright and alive. *Exhilarated*. "Before someone else does."

Hannibal pushes into the boy's hand with a low groan. He knows Will is only teasing him, but he can't accept other people touching his boy. Won't accept it anymore. He doesn't want Will to arrive in his office smelling of other boys, doesn't want others to kiss him, hold him, come inside him. He doesn't want to cure Will from his addiction to sex… He needs to make Will become addicted to *him* only.

"You can be certain that I *will*," Hannibal says, breathing heavily against Will's skin as his lips drag across the column of the boy's throat. Will's skin is soft and warm and Hannibal can't get enough of it. His hands move to grip the boy's hips, just below the waistband of his high-low. "No one else will be good enough when I'm finished with you, Will. I'll be the only one who can give you what you need."

His fingers press hard into Will's skin, and he delights in the knowledge that he's surely leaving marks beneath the flowy chiffon. He smirks and trails open-mouthed kisses all the way up to Will's lips, then pecks chastely at the corner of his mouth. "Are you ready for today's session?" Hannibal asks, though he can taste Will's impatience. "I want you to bend over my desk."

He hates to move away, but the idea of bending over Dr. Lecter's desk has Will *aching* for it. He knows he'll have those hands on him again, fingertips bruising his skin. Will shoots Hannibal a sultry glance and makes his way to the vintage bureau, smooth, gliding steps that barely lift his feet off the ground. The sound of his utility boots shift to a muffled *ker-thud* as he reaches the carpet, and the various items arranged meticulously on the doctor's desk top come into view: a brass work light, a table clock, assorted journals, notebooks, pens and papers. Even so, there was more than enough room for Will. A quick swipe of his arm makes more space anyway, pushing everything to the side in a messy, disorganized heap. He's devilishly unapologetic.

Will drapes himself over the fragrant rosewood, and the sweet scent soothes his nerves without dulling his excitement. The bared skin of his stomach presses against the cool varnish, and it makes him shiver with the chill, with anticipation. Will lifts his hips automatically, tucks in the front of his skirt so that his thickening cock is trapped between his belly and the table. He resists the urge to look back, look over his shoulder – he knows it'll only make him even more aroused to see the look on Hannibal's face, the lust and darkness in his eyes. The boy reaches behind himself to bunch up the back of his skirt instead, lifting the silky chiffon to slowly reveal the curve of his bottom, the smooth, supple flesh that Hannibal had marked. He can feel himself leaking against the desk already.

"Lube's in my bag," Will murmurs, struggling to keep the eagerness from his voice. He misses Hannibal's touch like it's been hours rather than mere moments. It was frighteningly close to becoming a necessity. "Condoms. In case you're worried."

"If you think condoms may be necessary it's because you've had unprotected sex in the last three days," Hannibal says as he approaches Will, stopping right behind him, placing his hands on Will's backside. He can't help but lovingly caress the bite mark he'd left there whenever he sees it. He's exceedingly pleased it hasn't faded much. Hannibal watches his own hands moving along the boy's skin, loving the way Will has so shamelessly exposed himself to him.

"But you're not the only one who brought lubricant today," he adds, moving away from Will only to open the first drawer of his desk and retrieve his own bottle of lube. Hannibal sets it down next to Will on the table. Resuming his position behind the boy, he presses his crotch to the boy's ass, knowing Will can feel how hard he is. He places his hands on the exposed skin of Will's back, holding him down as he grinds against him.

"Did you have unprotected sex in the last three days, Will?" Dr. Lecter asks, just slightly breathless. "I want details about it. The people you've been with, what you did with them and how many times."

Hannibal's nails graze against Will's skin, just hard enough to leave trailing pink marks that will disappear far too soon, and the boy shivers. Hannibal patiently waits for his answer, even though the jealousy threatens to burn him alive.

"Fuck... *Three*," Will pants, pushing back against the heat of Hannibal's groin. "I like them more than the others. We have an… arrangement." He runs his tongue along his bottom lip, catches it briefly in between his teeth. "They didn't use condoms. I let them fuck me whenever they could get it up." Admittedly, it wasn't as much as Will would have liked – but then again, it still wouldn't have compared. All-in-all, the last three days were ultimately rather forgettable. The mediocre sex had simply passed the time.

The boy bites back a whimper, rubs his ass wantonly along the hard line of Hannibal's cock. Now that he has *this* again, Will knows he needs it like he needs oxygen. *This* is his drug of choice, and with Hannibal it was better than anything else. Will needs to feel him again, to feel like he had three days ago.

"Wanted two of them to fuck me at the same time. To see if it'd feel better that way... If it'd feel anything like you had," Will purrs, voice thick with desire.

"Did it?" Hannibal growls more than asks, nails burying into his skin. *Two of them at the same time*, he thinks, Will's words echoing in his mind. He's even more jealous now, wants to mark Will as his own for all to see, carve his name into the boy's skin, *mine, mine, mine*. Hannibal conspires to try double penetration with Will someday soon.

"No," Will breathes, head shaking from side to side, curls spilling across his brow and framing his face. He should have known better. Desperate to be touched, Will arches his back, lust coiling tight in his body like a spring. "I want *your* cock in me, Dr. Lecter."

“You shall have it,” Hannibal says, leaning in to mouth at the small of his back. He kisses and licks the bared skin, bites it softly, careful not to leave marks that can immediately be seen. It would be too risky. Reaching for the bottle of lube, he flips the cap open and squeezes some of it on two fingers, lowering his hand to spread the lube between Will's cheeks. He runs his fingertips from Will's perineum to his tailbone just to tease, brushing slick across his hole and making the boy moan softly. Hannibal is already painfully hard – can feel himself wet at the tip and pressed hot against his zipper, but he wants to tease his boy this time, have some fun with him.

“I assume they don't feel as good as I do.” Hannibal smiles, proud of himself, and slides one slick finger into Will, watching as it disappears into the boy's warm body. “You're so eager for me. I wonder if I can make you beg.” He avoids touching Will's prostate, pumping his finger in and out of him slowly, his free hand pressed hard against the small of his back, holding him down to prevent Will from moving.

“Tell me, Will, did they see the marks I left on you? Do they know that you belong to me now?”

Will shudders bodily, quaking from head-to-toe. He moans as he's held down, desperate to be fucked like this – hard against Dr. Lecter's desk, like in some lewd fantasy. Pinned by his weight, his hands. The slippery intrusion of Hannibal's finger is welcome, but the boy knows he needs so much more.

"They... They saw them," Will grits out, breathing heavily, "but they didn't ask. Didn't say anything." He doesn't say that with them, for the first time in his life, he’d been distracted during sex. Sex *was* the distraction. Perhaps Will had been ruined more than he thought. He grips the edge of the desk, uses it to grind back against Hannibal, rolling his hips, nails digging into the wood. Will doesn't want to think of them now. Not anymore. Anyone, *everyone* else… They came second. This was so much better.

"S-Stop teasing," he huffs, impatient. It isn't often that he has to say as much, but Dr. Lecter was a different breed. It's been too long since he's had him, and Will's body already craves it. Perhaps he really *does* belong to him now. Will’s used to being more in control than this, though it's hard to complain at any rate, when he's slowly being worked open. It's nearly unbearable, bordering on painful – he's had enough of talking, but can tell the doctor is in no hurry.

Though patience isn't one of Will's strong suits, he's willing to do anything to have Dr. Lecter's cock in him again. Even *beg*. He'll throw his pride out the window if it meant a good fucking. He’ll lie, cheat and steal. Say anything he has to.

"*Please* fuck me, Doctor," Will breathes, relenting. "Make me yours again."

Hannibal stills for a moment, closing his eyes as if savoring the words. They're music to his ears. “*Sweet boy*,” he croons, eyes opening to behold the delicious sight before him. He pulls his finger out just to slide two into him now, and groans at how tight the boy feels. His voice is thick with arousal, and he lets his nails scratch the skin of Will's back again to tease the boy even more. “You look so beautiful when you beg.”

It doesn't take long for him to pull his fingers out again – he's sure Will won't complain about not being thoroughly prepared, in fact he suspects the boy prefers it like this. Now Hannibal's fingers work on the button and flies of his own pants quickly, freeing his cock. He hardly believes they will need more lube, considering the copious amount of pre-come at the height of his arousal.

Will lets out a soft moan when Hannibal focuses on him again, tracing over the bite he'd left there three days ago with his fingertips, then grabbing one of Will's cheeks. Again, his blunt nails buried into the boy's skin. More marks to make Will remember him, to make Will remember who he belongs to.

"You're so impatient, Will," Hannibal says finally, guiding the head of his cock between Will's cheeks, pressing the tip against his hole. Will pushes back against him and Hannibal holds him down, just rubbing the glans against him, making him slick with pre-come. "You need to learn how to wait for it. That's why you're in therapy."

Will groans, and it isn't entirely in pleasure. Anticipation and frustration make his body hot, skin burning with it. *Almost*. The wet slide of Hannibal's cock over his hole is equal parts filthy and maddening – it sends blood rushing to his face, to his own arousal, straining and pressed against the wood. He knows he's making a mess, but he's too turned on to care. Will melts into the warm, heady fog of desire and tries to breathe. Tries to calm his racing heart, will himself to relax, but the pure *need* gnaws at him.

"This is sadistic," Will mumbles, and he tries again to push back, eagerly bucking his hips to no avail. Dr. Lecter holds him easily in place, but there's a thrill to be had in his display of strength and dominance, something that only serves to make Will even more desperate for it. He isn't sure how much longer he can wait, or how the tables had turned so dramatically, but it's not something he intends on getting used to. His hole clenches hungrily where Hannibal should be, buried deep inside of him.

"Is this your way of punishing me? For having sex with people who aren't *you*?"

"Yes," Hannibal says honestly, his tone almost dangerous. "But I'm not done with you yet."

He pulls back, and Will makes a noise that he can only interpret as a complaint for the loss of contact. Hannibal's hands caress Will's ass again, squeezes his fleshy cheeks, spreads them apart to see how slick and open Will is for him.

"This is for letting other people touch you," he says calmly, then raises his hand and brings it down hard against one of Will's cheeks – the one he hadn't bitten. In their first therapy session, Hannibal had done it once. This time, just once wouldn't be enough. He watches as a red mark begins to blossom across Will's pale, soft skin. "For not using condoms," he continues, slapping him again, making the boy whimper softly. "And for letting them come inside you." Hannibal repeats the action, striking him harder now, the smacking sound loud in the quiet room.

"Do you understand, darling boy? Do I need to punish you more?"

Will's body is still tense, muscles tightened on instinct. He's breathing heavily.

“I'm off limits," he says, voice trembling. It wasn't from fear. The boy hadn't been prepared for the shock of it, nor the sharp, stinging pain – but it quickly fades into a heat that tingles almost pleasantly, skin sensitive and warm to the touch. No one has ever spanked him hard like that before. Not his parents, not his sexual partners. *No one*, besides Hannibal himself.

"Don't want anyone else to touch me? Fuck me?" He has to fight the urge to work himself back again, seek Hannibal out. Will looks over his shoulder instead. "*Fine*. Convince me to stop." It's hard to keep the kittenish smile from his face. Will arches again enticingly, offering himself up. "Fuck me *really* good," he says, wiggling his hips, "and I’ll think about it."

Hannibal tuts. “And this…” he starts, with another hard slap, the last one for now. “This is for being a naughty boy.”

It would be easy to taunt Will further, but Hannibal is equally as desperate to have him again. He wraps his fingers around the base of his cock to guide it inside the boy, finally giving Will what he needs. What they both need. Will is hot and tight inside, just as perfect as Hannibal remembers him. Hannibal pushes all the way inside him in one smooth slide, and starts rocking his hips slowly, in a pace that he knows is not enough for the boy.

“It arouses you, doesn't it?” Hannibal muses. “To know that I want you all for myself. To know that I'll punish you if you disobey me.”

Hannibal grips Will's hip with one hand, and buries the other in the boy's hair, pulling it to make him lift his head from the desk. He keeps the slow pace, nudging deeper into the sweet clutch of Will’s body, groaning as the boy clenches around him just slightly. Hannibal fights the urge to spank him more.

Dr. Lecter isn't wrong – it does arouse Will to have seduced him, to know that Hannibal desires him and all that he can offer. Punishment was new, but not at all unwelcome. Will finds that he quite likes it, hoping he'll be spanked again for his mouth. He resolves to be brattier.

"Maybe it does," Will gasps, the skin of his midsection hot and beading with sweat, "just don't start—*ah*—picking me apart." He moans unabashedly, muscles quivering every time his body sucks Hannibal back inside. Tries to keep him there. He's missed the feeling of being stretched like this, the sensation of being filled so completely; every part of him too occupied to house anything but the bliss of sexual gratification. There was no vacancy for anyone or anything but Hannibal.

...But it's too slow. Too gentle. It feels good, but it isn't what he wants. Will isn't sure he can even come this way, and the thought makes him squirm. "Or at least fuck me *harder* while you do," he grits out. Will knows Hannibal can do better than this. He swallows, throat working, eyes closing at the next tug of his curls, held tight in Hannibal's grip.

The infuriating pace continues, and Will scrambles for purchase against the desk, jaw clenched in his frustration. "*Fuck*, please..." Will pleads, voice cracking and laced with pain. It's not enough leverage, he can't control the pace or take what he needs like this. Just when he thinks it's a lost cause he's rewarded with the slam of Hannibal's hips – and it tears a sob from him, makes his limbs tremble with pleasure.

Hannibal continues thrusting into him, harder now, giving Will exactly what he needs. Deciding that he had teased Will enough for one session, he lets go of the boy's hair just to grab his hips with both hands, holding Will in place as he pounds into him mercilessly.

“You sound so good when you beg,” Hannibal says and groans, fingers pressing hard into the boy's skin again. “I want to make you beg for hours,” he continues, slamming into him with every thrust, making the boy moan loudly as Hannibal's cock glances over his prostate. God, the things Hannibal wants to do to him… There are so many different ways Hannibal wants to make him moan.

“Beautiful,” he praises, pulling Will against him as he moves, lost in the pleasure of being inside of him. “My beautiful boy, you feel so good for me.”

Suddenly one of Hannibal's hands is gone from Will's hip, and the boy doesn't even have time to process this before Hannibal is spanking him again, one, two, three times, groaning as Will's insides clench around him.

“*Fuck*—!" Will cries, and his language earns him another swift smack. The air is sucked from the boy's lungs, but he's forgotten how to breathe anyway. His flesh smarts painfully where Hannibal’s hit him, blood rising to the surface to paint Will's skin a hot, blotchy pink. The sting, the *heat*... The pleasurable vibrations of the blows still ripple through him, and his body begs for more before his brain can catch up.

Will clings helplessly to the wood of the bureau, feels himself throbbing, tingling and warm. His hole flutters around Hannibal, muscles tensing to grip him tighter.

Dr. Lecter doesn't stop, doesn't slow his thrusts, and Will cries out with the ecstasy of being so thoroughly claimed. Being *taken*. The sweet jab of Hannibal inside of him has the boy digging his nails into the polished rosewood – he pushes back shamelessly and it's so good he's afraid he won't last. From being afraid he won't come to worrying he’ll come too soon… Only Dr. Lecter can make him like this. It's incredible, and he whimpers with delight.

"*More*," Will pants, each slam of Hannibal's hips jarring his tiny frame, pushing him into the desk again and again. His arms stretch out in front of him, and he lifts onto his tip-toes to indulge in every last ounce of pleasure he can. The difference between now and the last three days is staggering. Will is already close to coming, his own cock ruddy, shiny and wet.

“Naughty boy,” Hannibal grunts, giving him another smack. He still grips Will's hip with one hand, fingertips burying into the boy's skin now, hard enough to leave bruises, but Hannibal is too far gone to care. All that matters to him now is making Will come.

“You like it,” Hannibal says, and continues spanking him. He’s lost count of how many times he’s done so, and Will is clenching around him so hard with every smack Hannibal just can't stop. He shoves inside him, barely pulling out before he's plunging back in, like he can't get enough of being buried deep in his boy. The sounds are obscene. “You like being punished for the wrong things you do.”

Hannibal grazes his nails against Will's reddened, sensitive skin, making the boy whimper in pain, and proceeds to thrust into him harder. Will's moans and breathing and the way his body

responds to Hannibal indicates that the boy isn't going to take long to come. It's what Hannibal wants the most.

“I won't touch your cock,” Hannibal warns him between moans. Another smack that echoes loudly in the room. “I want you to come just like this. You like it when I use you for my pleasure. This is who you are, Will,” he says, proudly, his voice lower, deeper than before. “My little slut.”

Pure, unadulterated want shoots through Will's body like a bolt of electricity – it's so potent, so *strong* that he feels it reverberate through every inch of him. The words hit him deep, deeper than Hannibal is pistoning inside him, a truth he can't fight nor one he wishes to. The boy hisses out a strangled "*yes*" through clenched teeth, folds his arms and buries his face in the crook of his elbow. Will's nails scrape against the polished surface of Dr. Lecter's desk, and he can do little more than hold on, bracing himself for the building climax driven by the snap of Hannibal's hips. The burning, aching pain of his tender backside only enhances the pleasure, until Will can feel the involuntary, rhythmic clench of his hole. He bites his lip and eagerly meets each movement with one of his own.

It isn't long before Will stiffens, and a fine tremor runs down the boy's spine. A few more well-aimed thrusts have Will's jaw going slack, and he's close to hyperventilation as the pleasure climbs, close to breaking free inside of him. He whines and whimpers freely, voice high and helpless – Hannibal smacks him again and Will tightens immediately, pulling him deeper inside. His eyes screw shut and Will releases a muffled cry, arching and incoherent as his orgasm rips through him ruthlessly, Hannibal still fucking into the slick, throbbing heat twitching around his cock. The boy spills hot and messy all over Dr. Lecter's desk, and Hannibal kneads the warm, flushed flesh of Will's buttocks; feels his muscles still contracting with the intensity of his release, the way he quivers, stretched around him.

Hannibal wants to last longer, to make his boy squirm with oversensitivity for a few more minutes, but the way Will squeezes his cock and pulls him into the tight heat of his body is enough to push him over the edge. Hannibal grips the boy's hips and thrusts into him harder, faster, allowing himself to lose control completely as he closes his eyes in rapture, groaning loudly. The sounds of Will’s helplessly whining only arouse the doctor even more.

His grip tightens so much his knuckles turn white, burying himself deep inside his boy and moaning Will's name as he comes. Will whimpers softly and Hannibal remembers to move, to loosen his grip.

“My good boy,” Hannibal says breathlessly, fingertips caressing the small of Will's back, brushing lightly against sweat-damp skin. Hannibal slowly pulls out of him, watching as his cock slides out of Will's body. This time, he grabs a box of tissues from inside his drawer to clean himself up as much as he can before tucking himself in and adjusting his clothes. He's amused to see that Will doesn't move, just patiently waits and tries to breathe normally again.

Hannibal gently pulls him up after giving him a moment to recover, making the boy stand up straight, and holds him tightly against his chest. “How are you feeling, Will?” he asks softly, burying his nose into the boy's curls.

Will shakes like a leaf in the cage of Hannibal's arms, still panting with exertion and the pleasure weakening his limbs. He's grateful to have Dr. Lecter holding him fast; feels the strength of those hands and the solid expanse of the body that's laid claim to his along his back. His legs are wobbly, and he's unsure he can support his own weight on them. There are a million things Will could say, a million things he feels – used, disciplined. Wrecked. Wired.

"Spent," he drawls, smiling with the gust of warm breath against his scalp. "Euphoric." They are honest words.

The scratch of tweed against Will's smarting bottom is oddly grounding. He gasps and shudders, feeling the come trickling from his sensitive hole and dripping down his thighs. It's warm and slippery, but quickly becomes sticky in the humid space, cooling on his skin.

The smoldering afterglow relaxes his muscles, settles into his bones, and Will trembles with breathy laughter. "You came a lot," he notes, and the boy twists around in Hannibal's embrace, tilts his head back in delight. "I could probably use some of those tissues." As much as he enjoys the sensation, he'd rather not have anything drying on his skirt.

Hannibal smiles, sliding his hands down to grab Will’s skirt and pull it up again. He reaches for the box of tissues then, and proceeds to clean Will of their come as much as he can. He will take care of his desk later, after Will leaves. For now he wants to enjoy every second he has with the boy. He wants to gently caress Will’s skin, see the marks he’s left on his body, maybe cover him in kisses. Part of him fears he’s becoming addicted to the boy, but his curiosity makes it impossible for him to stop now. “Done,” Hannibal says, letting Will’s skirt down again.

“Come here, darling boy.” Hannibal walks to the chair behind his desk, beckoning Will to follow him. “We still have some time before your mother comes to pick you up, as far as I know.” He sits in his chair and reaches for Will, resting his hands on the boy’s hips and pulling him closer to make him sit on his lap. The chair is large enough for Will to comfortably straddle Hannibal’s thighs. The boy looks like he’s never been happier, but Hannibal wants to make sure this is all still consensual.

“Now I must ask,” he starts, thumbs brushing gently across the bruised skin of Will’s hips. “Did anything in this session make you uncomfortable?”

Will blinks lazily, considering the question with the arch of an eyebrow and a delicate shudder. He can't recall a single a moment where he wasn't desperate for whatever Hannibal was giving.

"Not really," the boy coos, wrapping his arms around Hannibal's neck. Even the pain had been laced with pleasure, and Will couldn't complain. "I liked it. You feel so *good*." He bites playfully at Dr. Lecter's chin and resists the urge to rock against him. The world could end and he'd be content, sitting pretty in Hannibal's lap. Will takes the hands on his hips and guides them further back, underneath the trailing tail of his skirt to rest against the pleasantly sore flesh of his bottom. They feel exquisitely warm.

"No one else can make me come like that," he breathes hotly against the doctor's ear. "Untouched. Just from your perfect cock in me." Will arches at the feel of Hannibal's hands

smoothing up and down his backside, skin tender and cheeks still mottled pink and red. He already wants to go home and admire his body, inspect himself alone in the mirror and see all the places that Hannibal has been – all the places he's left his mark. The bites, the bruises... They were all for him. This time, Will knew: it would feel like an eternity to wait to see him again.

Hannibal's hands squeeze his cheeks and it makes the boy shudder slightly. The doctor can't help but smile, knowing how sensitive Will's skin must be now.

"You're being a very good boy for me, Will," he says, leaning in to kiss the corner of Will's mouth softly. He smooths his hands up and down his backside again, nails dragging across the boy's skin just to feel him squirm. It's perfect, to have Will like this, sated but still pliant, so sensitive and warm. He rubs his fingertips over the bite mark he left three days ago, and for a short time they don't speak, feeling and enjoying each other in silence until Hannibal elects to once again initiate conversation.

"I'd like to facilitate some component of verbal therapy. I do think you'd benefit," the doctor ponders out loud, moving his hands up to Will's hips. "It's often easier to open up after orgasm."

Will cocks an eyebrow. "Is this how you get all your patients to talk?" he asks jokingly. "Sex first, therapy later?"

"No. Only you." Hannibal is silent for a moment, his thumbs caressing Will's skin softly. "Tell me about your home life, Will. Your family."

"There isn't a lot to tell. I'm an only child."

"What are your parents like?"

Will shrugs. "My dad's an ex-cop. Likes to drink. He started doing it more when he found out I was sleeping around.

"My mom isn't my biological mom, but she hates when I call her Martha. I never knew my real mom. It's not as bad as it sounds. It makes both of them uncomfortable when I wear things like this."

It's information that Hannibal quickly tucks away. "It seems they're not very accepting of your lifestyle—or your style of fashion for that matter."

Will laughs at that. It's genuine. Dr. Lecter smiles, warmth spreading in his chest at the sound of the boy's laughter.

"No, I guess not... But I don't care. Never really have," Will answers.

Hannibal considers this, but he won't pry. Not yet. "Are you satisfied with how they treat you?"

Now Will is the one who's quiet. "I can't complain."

But Dr. Lecter suspects the boy doesn't get much attention at home. He'll have to make up for that, give his boy all the attention he needs and deserves – starting now.

“I bought something for you,” Hannibal says, changing the subject. He wraps an arm around Will as he reaches for the top drawer of his desk and grabs a white box wrapped in a red ribbon, offering it to Will. “I hope you like it. I want you to wear it for me the next time we meet.”

The boy pulls back and glances up questioningly, meeting Dr. Lecter's gaze. He reaches out to take the gift, somewhat hesitant – his heart is pounding with excitement. He feels giddy, and it's not a feeling he's used to... He isn't used to receiving gifts from older men, either, but the idea delights him. Will unties the satiny ribbon and opens the top of the box. His eyes glimmer like diamonds as he glimpses the lacy fabric amidst the red tissue paper: a pair of sheer white stockings, panties and garter belt.

"*White*?" Will asks, incredulous, but the garments are a surprise. He had every color *but* white, but nothing quite so nice. "I'm not exactly the picture of purity, Doctor... But I can pretend to be, if that's what you like." The boy smiles coyly and sets the box down on his own lap. Will could do virginal. He runs his hands down Hannibal's chest, takes hold of the doctor's tie and strokes down the length of it.

"It's pretty—I'll wear it. I'll be your sweet, innocent little thing. You can deflower me." Will can't stifle the laughter that comes forth, shaking his head in disbelief. "Should I start calling you '*Daddy*' now too?" he teases.

Hannibal had decided to wait a few more sessions to ask Will that, but now, hearing the boy mention it, he *does* want Will to start calling him daddy. Just the idea of having Will in white, pretending to be innocent and calling him daddy is enough to make his cock twitch, even though he knows he won’t get hard again this soon. He smiles, amused, but his tone is serious. “*Yes*,” Hannibal says simply. “And our next session won’t be here. It will be at my place.”

The boy’s surprised expression is adorable. Hannibal grabs the box and places it on his desk, then wraps his arms around Will to pull him closer. He leans in, before the boy has the time to process his words and answer, and presses a soft kiss to his lips.

“On Saturday. You’ll spend the night with me.”

Will feels himself flush from head to toe, adrenaline pumping through his veins at the mere implications, the *possibilities* of what that meant. To stay with Dr. Lecter at his own place... He'd be completely at the doctor's mercy and the sole object of his attention. His affections. The boy's pink tongue darts out to wet his lips – an entire, uninterrupted night. Will can't resist.

"*Yes*, daddy," he purrs, nuzzling into the side of Hannibal's neck. Another silvery laugh. Will can't stop thinking about all the things they could do together. What one of their sessions would look like in Dr. Lecter's home. Will had already decided he'd try on his gift tonight… He's sure the love marks Hannibal's left on him will stand out against the stark white. Saturday couldn't come soon enough.

"I can't wait to put on what you got me." The boy seriously considers the benefits of dropping his '*friends*' and sleeping with Dr. Lecter exclusively. "My mom will be curious," Will says, and his eyes light up impishly. "I'll tell her I'm having a sleepover. She doesn't have to know it's with *you*," he trails kisses down the hollow of Hannibal's throat, "or that there won't be much sleeping."

Hannibal hums softly, amused. The boy's kisses feel so good he wishes Will didn't have to leave soon. He can't wait to have Will in his house, in his arms for a whole night.

“My good boy,” Hannibal praises, his hands slowly caressing the boy's back. He could imagine Will wearing white for him, how beautiful and sweet his boy would look, how *innocent. Pure*. But he also wants his boy begging, desperate and needy, wants his boy to belong to him.

“One more thing, Will,” he said, resting both hands on the boy's hips again, in a possessive gesture. Will belongs to *him*. “I don't want you to have sex with anyone else until then. I'll pick you up on Saturday, at six. That's forty-eight hours without letting anyone touch you.”

Will lifts his head to stare at him then, and by the look on his face, he thinks Hannibal is being unreasonable. The doctor smiles. Will certainly knows that if he sleeps with other people, Hannibal will know. The doctor can smell them on him. Hannibal squeezes Will's hips slightly. “Consider it part of your therapy. You can touch yourself. However, any kind of sexual contact with other people is not allowed. Will you do this for me, Will? Will you be a good boy for daddy?”

The boy's brows draw together – he doesn't look amused. Will huffs a heavy sigh and glares back, holding Dr. Lecter's gaze. "You really are a sadist," he mumbles, but there's a small smile pulling at his lips. A part of Will wants to disagree with the terms, but another part of him only wishes to please.

“Forty-eight hours. I... think I can handle that." The boy pushes down the anxiety rising in his chest, focusing on the feel of Hannibal against him instead. He relishes it. *It's worth it*, he thinks. Still, he knows this is a kind of punishment. He never thought he'd have rules... Limits. Expectations.

Never thought he'd *like* having them.

"I want to be good for you," Will admits, and it's a dizzying realization. If he could just deny himself long enough, having Hannibal again would feel all the more incredible.

Will leans in to mouth at the skin just beneath Dr. Lecter's ear, breath humid and teasing. "You'll take care of me, won't you daddy?" Calling him that makes Will feel hot all over again. He doesn't think he’ll tire of it anytime soon. "I'll look pretty for you, and you can make me beg for it."

Hannibal smiles. He'll certainly make Will beg.

"Of course daddy will take care of you, my darling boy," he says, hands sliding to Will's thighs and caressing them slowly as the boy continues to kiss his neck. He takes a look at the

clock on his desk and sees that it's almost time for Will to go. Part of him still wishes he could take the boy home with him, steal him, curl up around his body at night. The other part of him wants to let the boy go and see how desperate and pliant he will be after forty-eight hours. He squeezes the boy's thighs, fingernails burying into his skin, making Will moan softly. The marks he leaves will last a few minutes at most, but it's enough for him. Enough for now.

"Your mother must be waiting for you, Will." The boy stops and shifts to look at him, visibly disappointed. Hannibal wonders if Will would let him fuck him again if they had more time. He lifts his hand and caresses the boy's cheek. An intimate, loving gesture. He's sure this is more than Will is used to. He leans in and kisses the boy's lips softly, then pulls back to looks into his eyes again. "Tell her your next session is on Monday."

It doesn't occur to Will not to do as Dr. Lecter says, but he isn't keen on leaving. His mom's the last person he wants to see, and he has trouble shifting his focus from the warm, enticing body pressed against his. It's hard to believe an hour's time has already come and gone.

"I'll... I'll tell her," Will breathes, and he feels strangely overcome. Like he's in a daze. He forces himself to think. "And I'll tell you where to meet me. Later." The boy removes himself reluctantly from Hannibal's lap, though he does so with lingering touches.

He can't stop thinking about how he'll spend the next forty-eight hours, deprived of his usual entanglements. Dr. Lecter had said he could touch himself – but Will knows it won't distract him for long. Still, he has little choice but to accept the challenge. Will might as well go all the way.

"I won't put anything inside me—no toys, no fingers." Will straightens up, casually arranges his clothes a little more modestly. "When you do fuck me again, I want to feel everything." Until then, the grip of his own hand will have to do the trick. It's not his favorite way to come, but it'll have to suffice.

Maybe Hannibal's therapy was working – slowly getting him accustomed to—Will shuddered at the thought—*waiting*. A lesson in delayed gratification. He shakes his head, taking the box from Hannibal's desk. Then he's strolling over to collect his things, tucking his lacy gift away in his bag.

Hannibal watches the boy move through the room for a moment, then gets up and follows him. As they stand by the door, Hannibal pulls Will closer again just as he did last time, reluctant to let him go. Will places his hands on Hannibal's chest, and the doctor touches the exposed skin of his belly with his fingers.

“Forty-eight hours,” he whispers as he leans in. He presses another kiss to the boy's lips, but when Will opens his mouth in invitation, Hannibal moves down to kiss his neck instead. The boy bares his throat to him and Hannibal holds him tightly, lips and tongue against the warm skin of his neck.

When Hannibal pulls back, he unlocks the door and opens it, his fingers lingering on the boy's hips. His lips hover over Will's. “I'll see you on Saturday, my darling boy,” he says, and

Will tries to kiss him, but Hannibal pulls back and smirks. The boy will get a kiss when they meet again.

He promises to call tomorrow to decide where to meet, caressing Will’s back with his fingertips before letting him turn around and exit his office. As the boy leaves, Dr. Lecter closes the door behind him and leans against it...

He's sure that forty-eight hours will feel like a lifetime.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! We plan to write more fics for this series, hopefully soon! Come say hi to us on tumblr: empathalitis and cannibalcuisine :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!